

A BEAUTIFUL ARGUMENT.

Every Youth's Gazette, A Semi - Monthly Journal Devoted to the Amusement, Instruction, and Moral ... Apr 9, 1842; 1, 8;
American Periodicals
pg. 89

A BEAUTIFUL ARGUMENT.—To a young infidel who was scoffing at Christianity, because of the misconduct of its professors, the late Dr. Mason said: “Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?” The infidel admitted that he had not. “Then, don’t you see,” said Dr. M., “that by expecting the professors of Christianity to be *holy*, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power?” The young man was silent.

COMPANY.—A hog was lying in the gutter the other day, and in the opposite one was a well-dressed man. The first had a ring in his nose—the latter a ring on his finger. The man was drunk—the hog was sober. “A hog (said a passer-by, sarcastically) is known by the company he keeps.” The beast—that is the four-legged one—was nettled by the observation, and shifted his quarters.

DARK DAYS.

Every Youth's Gazette, A Semi - Monthly Journal Devoted to the Amusement, Instruction, and Moral ...Feb 26, 1842; 1, 5;
American Periodicals
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DARK DAYS. -On the 19th of May, 1750, an uncommon darkness took place all over New England, and extended to Canada. It continued about 14 hours, or from ten o'clock in the morning till midnight. The darkness was so great that people were unable to read common print, or tell the time of the day by their watches, or to dine, or transact their ordinary business without the light of candles. They became dull and gloomy, and some were excessively frightened. The fowls retired to their roosts. Objects could not be distinguished but at a very little distance, and everything bore the appearance of gloom and night.

Similar days have occasionally been known, though inferior in the degree or extent of their darkness. Among the most remarkable of these in the northern states, were, Oct. 21st, 1710; Aug. 9th, 1732; Oct. 9th, 1762. The causes of these phenomena are unknown. They certainly were not the result of eclipse. Many have supposed them to be produced by layers of vapors, some ascending and others descending, so as to intercept the rays of the sun in their passage to the earth.

The winter before the great day above mentioned, was the severest winter ever known in New England. Snow lay about four feet deep nearly the whole time, from the middle of November to the middle of April.

DEATH OF A SCHOOL BOY.

Dickens

Ladies' Garland and Family Wreath Embracing Tales, Sketches, Incidents, History, Poetry, Music, e...Jan 1842; 5, 7; American Periodicals

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to be. You will come soon, my dear, very soon now—wont you!

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's grey head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them—no, not a sound.

In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air came floating through the open window. 'What's that?' said the child, opening his eyes.

'The boys at play on the green.'

He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head—but the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

'Shall I do it?' said the schoolmaster.

'Please wave it from the window,' was the faint reply. 'Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me and look this way.'

He raised his head and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle bat, that lay with slate and book, and other boyish property, upon a table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl was there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward and pressed the passive hand that laid upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions—for such they were—man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall and fell asleep.

The poor school-master sat in the same place, holding the small cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child—he felt that—yet he chafed it still and could not lay it down.

DEATH OF A SCHOOL BOY.

BY DICKENS.

He was a very young boy—quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright, but their light was of heaven not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear kind friend.

'I hope I always was, I meant to be, heaven knows,' said the poor school-master.

'Who is that?' said the boy, seeing Nell. 'I am afraid to kiss her lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me.' The sobbing child came closer up and took the little languid hand in her's. Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

'You remember the garden, Harry,' said the master, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, 'and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time! You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you and are less gay than they used

[Original.]

DIALOGUE
BETWEEN EMMA AND HER MOTHER.

[CONTINUED.]

A FEW days passed very pleasantly at home and at school, for little Emma ; she thought of her mother's advice, and tried to follow it, and, like every one who endeavors earnestly to do right, she found herself much happier. But in a few days some little dispute with one of her school-mates reminded her that her mother had promised to listen to her other reasons for desiring to change her school, and she felt now fully prepared to give them. She sat in the room with her mother, after dinner, dressing her doll, in which pleasant and improving employment she seemed very much engaged—but suddenly, as if thinking aloud, she said :

“ There are some people that I am sure I never can like.”

“ Why, Emma, you appeared very happy just this moment, what has put such an unhappy thought in your mind ? ” said Mrs. Cleaveland.

“ I don't know, mamma, what made me think of it just then ; but I will tell you now of my other reasons for wishing to go to another school, because that thought has put me in mind of them.”

“ I fear your reasons are not very good, my daughter, but you shall have the satisfaction of telling them, and we will try to make matters as comfortable as we can.”

“ I cannot be comfortable or happy while I go to school with such girls.”

“ Why, my child, what do you complain of ? You were acquainted with most of the girls before you went to Miss Murray's school, and I thought that was your principal reason for wishing to go there.”

“ O, mamma, I did not know them as I do now, or I should never have wanted to go.”

“ Well, my dear, for this once you may speak of the faults of your school-fellows, though it is a practice I will never encourage on common occasions.”

“ Other girls' mothers allow them to tell every thing that happens in school, and then they come to school and tell us what their mothers say of us.”

“ I have heard no reasons yet, Emma, and it will soon be tea-time ; if you do not begin we shall have to defer our conversation to another day.”

“ O, no ! if you please, mamma, hear me now. I will begin at the beginning. When I first went to Miss Murray's, I was put in the second class, and the girls appeared very glad to have me among them ; they told me all their secrets, and all went on very well with them until two of the girls quarrelled, and both wanted me to take sides—but I would not, because I did not think either of them right ; when I told them so they both quarrelled with me, and tried to set other girls against me, and then I got angry, and then,”—Here Emma hesitated and her mother said,

“ And then my Emma was as much in the wrong as any one. Now let us talk over the first part of your story, and then I will hear the rest. Take your mother's advice, and have nothing more to do with the secrets of your school-fellows ; they are almost always of family matters, with which you have no concern, and if not, they are of something which ought not to be spoken of among girls. The

reason they quarrelled with you for not taking sides was because each thought you would tell her secrets to the other : but in a little while they would have found that you did not, and all would have been well again, if you had only been patient and good tempered, so that after all you were to blame.”

“ Mamma,” said Emma, a little sulkily, “ let what will happen, you always blame me.”

“ No, dear, not always ; but I wish to convince you that your misfortunes generally proceed from your faults.”

“ I do not exactly understand you, mamma.”

“ I will try to explain my meaning. When you lost your temper in the quarrel you speak of, did you not say a good deal that you should not have said ? ”

“ Why, I don't know, perhaps I did call the girls spiteful, and tell them some of their faults ; but then you tell people of their faults too, mamma.”

“ Not in anger, my dear ; if we see a friend commit an error, we should take the opportunity to mention it when she feels quite sure that we do it from love, otherwise it will be of no service. We have no right to tell people of their faults in spite ; and if we follow our blessed Savior's example we shall not do so.”

“ But, mamma, how can we help being imposed upon if we never get angry ? ”

“ You have spoken before of being imposed upon, my dear Emma, and I hardly know how to tell you in a few words, that Christians should never think of such a thing ; it is our duty and privilege to ‘ be kindly affectionate toward each other, with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another, looking every man not on his own things but on the things of others ; ’ which means that we should not think of our own comfort or accommodation, but how we may please others and make them happy, then we shall have no reason to fear being imposed upon, for we shall be ready to do all that we can for every body. But let me hear the rest of your complaint, for we have only a few minutes to spare.”

“ I had rather not tell any more, mamma, for you will only think me a naughty girl, and if you please we will spend the rest of the time in talking of something else ; what you have told me will help me to be good, and perhaps I shall like the girls when they like me.”

Emma tried to control her temper in school and at home, and her tender, watchful mother greatly assisted her by reminding her occasionally of her good resolutions, and teaching her that God is ever near to help those who strive against sin. She learned many passages of scripture, which her mother selected for her, teaching forgiveness of injuries, and kindness to all the world, and in a short time she found that her good mother was in the right, when she said that our misfortunes generally proceed from our faults. She became a general favorite in school, though the girls told her no more secrets, and was not only able to command her own temper, but to reconcile the quarrels of her school-fellows.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN EMMA AND HER MOTHER.

Every Youth's Gazette, A Semi - Monthly Journal Devoted to the Amusement, Instruction, and Moral ... Mar 26, 1842; 1, 7;
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[Original.]

DIALOGUE BETWEEN EMMA AND HER MOTHER.

"DEAR mamma," said little Emma Cleaveland, "I have often heard you say that you loved to make your children happy, and you have a good opportunity now, for I am going to ask a favor."

"Well, my daughter, if it be in my power to grant it, and if it will be for your good, I shall with pleasure gratify you."

"I do not like those 'if's,' mamma, and am almost afraid to go on."

"Then you have some doubts of the propriety of your request—and in such a case you had better not mention it, because it gives me as much pain to say 'no!' as it gives you to hear it."

"O, dear mamma, if you say *that*, I will venture—because though I have, as you said just now, some doubts whether my request is proper, there are also very good reasons why you should grant it. I do not like my school, and should be very much obliged to you if you would take me away and send me to some other."

"I do not wonder, my child, that you hesitated to make this request—for it was at your earnest entreaty that you were placed with your present instructress, and you cannot have forgotten the many good reasons you gave me for sending you."

"Yes, ma'am, I remember all that, and am angry with myself whenever I think how hard I tried to get myself into trouble."

"My dear Emma, you quite frighten me; what possible trouble can you be in at such a school? for from all that I have heard, you did not praise it too highly."

"I wish I had never heard of it, or had not been silly enough to believe what was told me."

Here Emma began to cry, and her affectionate mother, throwing her arm around her, drew her close to her side, and, wiping away her tears, said:

"Come, daughter, cheer up, and let us talk the matter over quietly; it is never worth while to add to our troubles by losing our patience. Tell me your grievances, and let me judge for myself."

After a few sobs, Emma composed herself, and sitting down on a low chair, placed her hand in that of her dear, kind mother, and began her tale of woe.

"When I first heard of Miss Murray's school, there were a good many girls there of our acquaintance, and they all begged me to try and persuade you to send me there; they praised Miss Murray, and told me of the medals and premiums which she gave, and of the easy lessons they had. They told me that I would like the teachers, and how happy we should all be together, and I believed them; so I tried to persuade you to send me there, but now I want to leave that hateful place."

"But that is no reason why you should leave it, my child," said her mother. "If we were all to make our wishes the rule of our conduct, the world would very soon be in great confusion. You are still a little girl, and we do not expect you to be very wise, but you must try, while you are a little girl, to find some better reason than 'I want to,' or 'I don't want to,' for what you do or leave undone."

"So I do, mamma, and you shall hear if my reasons are not good. In the first place, Miss Murray is partial; she has her favorite scholars—

the rewards are all given to them—she talks to them, and pays them great attentions—and if any thing goes wrong in school, they are never punished."

"When you first went there, my dear, you boasted to me of Miss Murray's impartiality; and perhaps if you were to examine yourself you would find that the change was rather in you than in your instructress. You left a very rigid master, to go to Miss Murray, and for some time your old habits of attention and obedience remained; you found the lessons much easier than you were accustomed to, and all went on smoothly enough for a time; but by little and little you have fallen off in your studies and in your obedience to the rules of the school—you have, I fear, taken advantage of Miss Murray's indulgence until it would no longer be right that it were extended to you, and now accuse her of partiality, for favoring those more deserving than yourself. Is it not so, Emma?"

"Why, mamma, I never miss my lessons."

"That is not the only thing which makes a good scholar, my dear. Is there no peevishness in your manner when you have a more difficult lesson than usual? Do you not often weary your teacher by asking her to explain what you could, with a little application, find out for yourself? If there is any disturbance in the school, from discontent, or any other cause, do you act as peace-maker, or rather are you not among the foremost of those who make the difficulty? Now, Emma, answer these questions truly, and then we will have the other reasons."

"Of course, mamma, if Miss Murray gives me a lesson which I know I cannot learn, I let her see that I think myself imposed on. About asking for explanations, I hardly know what to say; to be sure, I suppose I might sometimes puzzle out the lessons or sums by myself, but it is very stupid—they are paid to teach us; the other girls do it, and I have as good right as they. I never make any disturbance in school, but I cannot be a babbler, and turn against my friends."

"I am sorry, my daughter, to find your ideas on the subject of duty so false; or rather, I may say, to find that you have never thought at all of your duty as a scholar. Will you attend to your mother, while she tries to show you where you are in the wrong; and will you promise me that you will endeavor to improve?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Emma, who was not a naughty little girl, only very thoughtless—and who dearly loved her mother.

"In the first place, then, let me advise you, my Emma, to remember that I should not have placed you under the instruction of a person who was unworthy of the trust. Miss Murray has had great experience as a teacher, and as I requested her particularly not to overtask you, she has kept you in a lower class than some of the girls of your age. You have been mortified, and wished to be in a higher class; but you would then have much longer and more difficult lessons. If you learn your lessons grudgingly, you set a bad example to the other girls; and, though your pride keeps you from missing your lessons, your having objected to them gives those younger than yourself an excuse for not learning theirs. Your teachers, you say, are paid for what they do—but you are mistaken; there is no class of people who deserve to be paid so highly; but money can never repay the debt you

owe to an able and faithful teacher. What do you suppose parents would send their children to school for, but because in most cases they have not patience to teach them? If you will only let your memory bring before you the many trials you have caused your teachers, I am sure you will be sorry, and endeavor to offend no more. Only think, if you were trying to teach a little girl to read, how you would feel if she treated you as some of your school-girls do your instructors; and then remember our blessed Savior's rule, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you,' and apply the same rule to your conduct when there are any disturbances in school, by trying always to make peace. I have said enough now for you to think of until to-morrow, and then if your other reasons still appear good to you, I shall be ready to hear them. Go, now, and play with your sister."

DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE AUTHORS OF IMPORTANT INVENTIONS.

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DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE AUTHORS OF IMPORTANT INVENTIONS.

ALMOST every one who has rendered a great service to mankind, by striking out inventions, whose objects are misconceived or imperfectly understood by the world, has had to complain of the neglect or coldness of his own generation. Even his best friends are apt to suspect his motives and undervalue his labors. The real recompense in such circumstances, as in all others, is the consciousness of doing one's duty. Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, which, in a few years has produced such an astonishing change in this vast country, by connecting together its most distant states, sustained the mortification of not being comprehended by his countrymen. He was, therefore, treated as an idle projector, whose schemes would be useless to the world and ruinous to himself. At a discourse, delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, Boston, by Judge Story, the feelings of Fulton, upon his first public experiment, are thus related—

“I myself have heard the illustrious inventor of the steamboat relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labors and discouragements. When, said he, I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public, either with indifference or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

‘Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand.’

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph.

I was well aware, that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work, and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and then became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, ‘I told you it would be so, it is a foolish scheme; I wish we were all well out of it.’ I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined, the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of the machinery of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; or, if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.”

EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAY-FELLOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'WILSON CONWORTH.'

CHAPTER FIRST.

'It was an high speech of SENECA, after the manner of the Stoics, that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.' BACON.

We must carry back the reader to the time when the child whose history we are about to relate slept upon the arms of its nurse; when the sun was shut out from the window, and the darkened room and closed shutter showed that weakness and pain were the purchase of this new being. The child was a boy; like his father, he seemed his very fac-simile. His fine hair lay upon his head with the outline of his father's head, and he looked prematurely old, from his resemblance to one already in years. The mother who bore him lay languid upon her couch, happy that she had given birth to a man. The luxuries of wealth were about her; the rich bed-stead, the carved furniture, all the elegant conveniences that art could supply, were there. But all these, and the down and linen that wrapped her limbs, could not allay the pain in her joints. The soft tread of domestics could not bring softness and repose to her racked frame. She was passing through the trial all mothers feel and must feel in gaining the great privilege of giving birth to a human being. She seemed insensible to all attempts to soothe her pain; and only when the child was brought to her and suffered to nestle in her bosom did an expression of ease pass over her face. Then she did smile faintly, but in such a sort as if the frame was too weak to express the deep joy of her heart. But she was happy; all her own pangs were forgotten in the warm gushings of maternal love. Bountiful Nature! how hast thou supplied in our moral constitution a medicine and solace for that which is beyond the reach of surgical skill, or any human contrivance! Thou calmest the mother's anguish by giving her a feeling which swallows up all physical suffering, and spreads through her frame a thankful joy!

At the same hour that this event was going on in the sick chamber, a poor foreigner just landed on our shores, and travelling into the suburbs in search of food and shelter, was taken ill near the gate of the house with the pains of child-birth. The husband who accompanied her asked leave to be permitted to lodge his wife in the barn; a favor at first refused by the English coachman, who said he was afraid his horses would take some disease from such ragged customers; but an American servant of the family representing the case to his master, the woman was comfortably lodged in an out-house that served the family with extra room in case of much company. The village apothecary and surgeon were sent to her, and her delivery was as comfortable as any lady's in the land could be. The bed she lay upon was coarse in its apparel, but clean and wholesome. The furniture of the room was

simple and only what was necessary. The darkness was as complete in the apartment she occupied as it could be in the chamber of the lady, we have been speaking of. The air was as pure in the one as in the other, only perhaps the humble room had the advantage in this respect. But she had also the same stillness about her, and more than all, the same kind Nature presided at her bedside, filled her heart with the yearnings of maternal love, and made *her* to forget the pains and languishment of labor. Beside, the woman had been used to toil, and her sturdy frame more easily underwent the trial than that of her whose life had been passed in ease and luxury.

Her child too was a son, and it made the heart of the father glad that it was so; for, thought he, the lad will be able to help me on the farm, and can take care of himself, and will not need the looking after that girls require. He will be beset with temptations to be sure, but not of the kind that vex the days and nights of poor anxious parents for their daughters, sent out in the world to earn their bread, with the strong passions of our nature at work in their hearts, and but little aid of education and pride of station to counteract them. Poor parents may not talk much about this fear, but it is one that lies heavily on their hearts, when in the intervals of labor they think of the prospects of the offspring about them.

But on the score of profit, the birth of a son is considered by the farmer twice as fortunate as that of a daughter. The rich man congratulates himself upon his good fortune when a son is born to him, because he can take his name and support the title and dignity of his family; the poor man arrives at the same result by thinking of the dignity of labor and the title to land. 'This son of mine,' says he, 'can work; he can earn his bread; he will save me the hire of a hand; and if I should die, can carry on my farm and support his mother and the children.' There was much meaning conveyed in the remark of a poor man who, on being told that a neighbor's wife had brought forth a daughter, said, 'What! *only* a gal?'

But it is time that we introduce more particularly to our readers the persons destined to figure in this history. Mr. CHARLES ALFORD was the fortunate owner of the country-seat where his beautiful wife had just given birth to her first child. He had inherited a large fortune; nature had bestowed upon him a fine constitution and amiable disposition; the last almost a necessary consequence of the first. He had received a 'good education,' as the phrase goes; had been at college; had travelled; seen the old world, and returned to close the eyes of his father, and assume his wealth. He soon after married a pretty girl moving in the polished society of Boston with great éclat, and had about a year previous to the event which commences our story purchased this country-seat about twelve miles from the city.

Mrs. AMELIA ALFORD was the daughter of a merchant in high standing. She had been educated at one of the fashionable schools, and subsequently in the most fashionable society of the most polished city in the Union. It would seem, and the world said, that two people never came together over whom fortune had showered so many favors. They had wealth, health, polished manners, fine tastes, mutual love for

the fine arts and literature, and a fashionable regard for the Sabbath and the ordinances of religion. Not a stain marked either character that any human eye could see; and their greatest misfortune seemed to be that they had nothing more to hope for. The birth of little Edward crowned a cup already overflowing with happiness; and the happy father, as he contemplated his lot, was fairly forced by his satisfaction and delight to utter a prayer of thanks to his Maker for so great blessings. It was sincere and heart-felt, and the better because he did not feel at the time that he was doing any thing very good in the sight of God, but on the contrary felt more keenly than ever before the neglect and indifference he had manifested in his heart, if not in his manner, to so kind and beneficent a Being.

Poor JOHN TOWLEY and his wife JANE, in the out-house, had also their satisfactions and thankful prayers. They agreed to call their little son Thomas; partly because it was the name of his grand-father, and partly because the name was in the Bible; for the poor and uneducated have a great respect for Scripture names and words, as well they may.

John was an English gardener out of employment, and sought a home in America for his family, consisting of several children, whom he had left behind him in England in such places as he could procure for them. Putting one with a brother, another with his aged father, one at service, and leaving one to the care of the parish, he and his wife had determined to emigrate. Before he had sailed, nearly all his means were exhausted; and with barely enough to pay their passage-money, they had landed on this hospitable shore.

When MRS. ALFORD learned that a child had been born so near her at the time of her own delivery, she felt a natural sympathy with the mother, and longed to see her and comfort her. She gave directions that she should want nothing; sent her food from her own room, and did so many acts of kindness for her, that Jane began to think that there was some truth in all she had heard of the easy way of living in America. The child must be brought to her; and little Tommy in an extempore dress was presented in her chamber. A stout, bright-eyed little fellow he was; and looked like a young giant beside the delicate babe that lay wrapped in lace and flannel in some newly-fashioned cradle. Tommy when only four weeks old crowed outright, and came by his noisy delight near to frightening little Edward into a fit.

The mother being established in the kind sympathies of Mrs. Alford, for the more favors we do a fellow-creature the more we are disposed to do, she could by no means think of permitting her to leave the room she occupied. Jane by this time was as well as ever; she was able to assist the servants in many of their labors; and the humility and gentleness of the foreign woman began to make friends for her even among the selfish and hard-hearted domestics of the family. It was in due time found out that she was an excellent washer and mangler; could clean house, cook, work in the field, if necessary; in short, make herself generally useful; the latter property being invaluable in an American servant. John too had established his reputation as a good gardener; and Mr. Alford, at the solicitation of his wife, agreed to

retain the pair Heaven had dropped at his gate, as servants in the establishment. They were to occupy the small house of the gardener, which was vacant, and receive all they could show themselves capable of earning.

It was a happy day for John and Jane when this arrangement was closed, and their sore hearts began to heal in the prospect of soon being able to send for their children. Little Tommy too crowed louder than ever, and seemed to partake of the general joy.

It was early spring-time, and both the children grew apace. Mrs. Alford by this time could sit up in her easy chair, though no breath of heaven disunited with coal-smoke and the dust of sweeping was suffered to enter her lungs. All the air she breathed must first be warmed by artificial means; and so by extra care and attention she was kept in a languid and weak condition for two or three months. It certainly would have been very vulgar if she could have recovered as soon as poor Jane did. A sense of propriety kept her still in her room, when she longed in her heart to accompany little Edward in his rides with the nurse. From her window she could see Jane at work at the wash-tub, with the sleeves turned up from off her brawny arms, her child rolling on the grass and snatching at the flowers, taking the deepest delight in the green colors about him, and his ear evidently pleased with the songs of the birds, as in their flight they wheeled close to him. The poultry began to acknowledge little Tommy as a playmate, and the large watch-dog would lie down before him and gaze curiously in his face. It is not strange that Mrs. Alford felt a feeling of inferiority to this poor woman, as she watched these movements. Nature and truth asserted themselves in her heart; and she would question for a moment the customs and habits which penned her up in a gaudy chamber, without the least disease upon her, while this woman of charity was enjoying the pure air and the bright sun, with liberty to go whither she pleased and do whatever she liked.

We talk of the confinements of labor; the daily toil and dull routine of the same pursuits; but there is no thraldom so hard as that of fashion. The king is the greatest slave on earth. He can only wear certain garments, and must appear at stated intervals in a certain manner. He must walk just so, and not otherwise; ride at a prescribed pace, and keep up an accustomed dignity. The queen cannot surrender herself to her feelings as the village maiden can; it would be unseemly for her to undress herself or put on her own clothes. She can have no solitude, no nature, no repose. Both king and queen move in one eternal round of state, to which nothing is so near alike as a horse in a cider-mill. As we descend from this rank, the sphere of liberty is enlarged: the wealthy commoner enjoys more than the noble; the poor laborer more than the rich nabob; until we come to those who enjoy the largest liberty of all; those who draw their support from the bosom of mother Nature; who regulate their hours by the clock-work of the heavens; rising with the sun; reposing when he seems to stand still, as he does at noon; going to sleep when he goes out of sight; earning rest by labor, hunger by abstinence, and health and happiness by all.

We do not propose to go into the detail of the different management of the two children. It can readily be imagined how tenderly the child of wealth was nurtured ; what quantities of physic he swallowed ; how often the city physician was summoned post-haste upon the slightest token of ailment, and the long consultations held over his infant complaints by all the female members of the family. It is enough to say that he barely escaped with his life ; having achieved before he was three years of age the establishment of the reputation of more than one physician ; the new painting and glazing of the shop of the apothecary, beside putting into fashion the newly-invented cradle which rocked his infant slumbers. But he saw his third birth-day, a feeble under-sized boy, but yet his mother's darling and his father's pride.

Little Tom, for by this time he had become too much of a man to be called Tommy, weighed twice as much as he. With a fine broad chest, which he had expanded in gambols with the dog, in rolling on the grass, in reaching and climbing, running and shouting, he bade fair to be able to earn his bread and fight his way through the world, if the passage was not granted him. He had had all the advantage of simple habits, with the additional one of cleanliness. Being often invited to the nursery of the Hall, Mrs. Alford would not allow of his admission unless he was neatly dressed and washed ; and this no doubt was an unusual privilege he enjoyed. If poor parents only knew how much disease and expense they would save themselves by the simple application of cold water to the limbs of their children, it would seem they would be willing to use this cheap prevention. But unluckily for these little urchins of poverty, the hands and face are generally considered the only washable parts of the body after a child gets able to walk. The accidents to which tended children are liable insures corporeal washing until this period, and we do not question but these very accidents are intended by kind mother Nature, who always takes better care of us than we take of ourselves, as hints to this very habit. Cats and dogs lick and wash their young. Older animals exchange the compliment of scratching each other. Even the pigs take care of their skin, as many a well-worn post in the stye will witness ; but it is only for man endowed with reason, hands, and bathing-houses, to neglect this natural law of health — cleanliness. We brush our clothes, our hats, and boots ; we encase our necks and bosoms in white linen, and imagine we are clean.

Tom, for we must drop the *little* also, gained every thing in health from this order of Mrs. Alford ; and this, with the out-o'-door exercise he took, gave a brightness to his eye and complexion which fairly outshone the delicate beauty of Edward ; who was destined to live, though with a frail hold upon life.

The children soon came to love one another. They as yet knew not but they had equal privileges in the world. They had their little quarrels and contentions about the possession of play-things and bits of cake, but oftener they were to be seen together with a spirit of mutual love and pleasure in each other's society. Tom became the supporter and assistant of his play-fellow ; and thus early began to learn the superior satisfaction of giving to receiving. The applause and caresses he

received from Mrs. Alford upon these occasions by and by caused him to show a generous yielding of his own wishes and desires to his weaker companion ; and Edward began to look to him for that protection and guidance, as to where to go and what to do, which while it protected him was invaluable to Tom in giving him force and self-reliance. The fact that he had another to look after beside himself made him thoughtful and considerate ; and in these childish sports and pastimes he was insensibly forming the most useful habits of mind.

Though Tom was clad in coarse yet clean garments while his play-fellow was robed in the most expensive and elegant fabrics, the children not yet seemed aware that there was any difference in their dress. Too happy were they in their plays in the newly-mown fields, among the flowers of the garden, or under the broad shade of the spreading elms, to be thinking of such trifles. While all the servants and villagers looked at Edward with admiring eyes, as the heir of wealth and the son of a gentleman ; while Tom was only a fine healthy boy, fitted for work ; Edward himself looked up to Tom as his superior, because he really *was* so ; and his native good sense was stronger than all the lessons he received from his nurse, and the false judgments of those about him, in producing this feeling.

Time wore on in this manner until the children were six years of age. By this time Edward had learned to read in a famous infant school in the city. He could sing little hymns and repeat many verses, while his play-fellow had not yet learned his letters. Unfortunately, or fortunately for him, as the sequel will show, neither John Towley nor Jane had been trained in reading and writing. But the boy knew things if not words. He knew all the flowers in the garden, their habits and culture. He could weed out a bed of onions and transplant roots equal to his father. If Edward knew that horse, *equus, ippos, cheval*, all stood for the name of that domestic animal, Tom knew more than he about the creature, and could ride him to boot, while he called him and knew him only as an '*os.*' If Edward had learned to tell the time of day by the little watch he carried in his pocket, Tom could tell it by looking at the sun, or by the cravings of his stomach for dinner or supper. The one knew the names of many things without knowing any thing more about them ; while the other knew the nature and uses of many things without knowing their names. Edward had the most *information*, but Tom had the most *knowledge*.

Although John Towley could not teach his son to read, he could and did teach him always to speak the truth. He could and did teach him the elements of religion ; that he had a Father in heaven ; that this Father saw all he did, and knew even his thoughts ; that he was pleased when he did right and spoke the truth, and offended when he did wrong and spoke a lie ; that he was to live for ever in a place where goodness would be the only distinction ; that in the sight of this Heavenly Father he was as precious as if he wore fine clothes and could repeat ever so many verses. Tom had never thought at all about his clothes before he heard this ; and the next time he met Edward he did compare their garments, and concluded that Edward's were nicer than his. This thought did not get out of his mind for weeks, if it ever did.

Edward likewise had been taught religion. He had been to the Sunday-school, and could say the whole catechism. If asked, 'Who died to save sinners?' he gave the correct answer. He would say that he was an 'utterly depraved creature,' in answer to a certain question; and, in short, could go without stumbling through the whole body of divinity. But his mind was so crowded with terms, and he had been taught so many words and phrases, that he had no time to think of any thing else, and was glad to escape from teachers who looked so sad and solemn, and whose voices had that sepulchral sound he had heard his nurse say was heard about grave-yards o' nights.

The two youngsters were one day on the banks of the pond near Mr. Alford's house in which the white lily grew, and it was just fit to be plucked. They had been told never to go into the water, and it was only by special privilege that they were suffered to go near it.

'Oh, get me a lily, Tom! What would I give for a lily! How white and pretty they look!' exclaimed Edward.

'No,' said Tom; 'mother said I must not go into the water; and your mother too told *you* not to.'

'But nobody will see you,' says Edward. 'You have no shoes and stockings on; you can strip up your trousers, and then we can have some lilies! Oh, *do* go, Tom! — that's a good fellow!'

Tom looked at his play-mate with surprise, and then said: 'God will see me!'

'Oh no he wo'n't!' said his companion.

But Tom would not go. This conversation may give a fair view of the religious education of the two children.

Having recorded the chief influences that marked their infancy, we propose in a succeeding chapter to show the effect of opposite plans of education; the one the study of contrivance, the other the work of necessity.

THE NURSERY.: FANNY'S DOLL; OR NOTHING WITHOUT A CAUSE.

Friend, Youth's

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form you, that her mother, on her return, gave her a very pretty doll, nicely dressed.

After she had examined her present, and told her mother that she was greatly delighted with it, a conversation took place, in which Fanny's mother endeavored to impress some important instructions on the mind of her little girl; perhaps you will like to hear or read it.

Fanny. Mother, what a sweet pretty doll this is! Did you make it?

Mother. No, my dear; I bought it.

F. Who did make it, then?

M. I do not know; I never saw it till yesterday.

F. I should like to know who made it; he must have been very skilful.

M. How do you know that any one made it? You did not see it made, nor did you ever see any person make a doll like it, or see this doll in any other shape than what it has now; might it not have grown so?

F. O no, mother; how could you think such a thing? It is not one bit like fruit or flowers, or any thing that grows.

M. It certainly is not like any thing that you have ever seen grow; but there are many things that you never saw.

F. Yes, mother; but if you look at this doll, you may see plainly enough that it never grew in this shape. See, the face is painted and the hair is fixed on; and the arms are made of leather, to look like gloves, and stuffed with bran or some such thing, to make them in the shape of arms. You see it is made of several different things, all put together in a very skilful manner, on purpose to make a proper doll; and the clothes are made to put off and on, and are made neatly.

M. It does appear so, to be sure; but as I never saw the maker, to hear from him how it was made, and what it was intended for, how can I know that he intended it for a doll, or had any intention at all upon the subject?

F. Why, mother, I cannot see any reason to doubt at all about it; we know very well that the doll could not make itself; somebody must have made it; and we can see that it is a doll; so why should we think it was intended for any thing else?

M. Very true, my dear little girl; I have no doubt at all, any more than if I had seen it done, that some person got together the different materials, and cut them out in the shape of a doll, and sewed it up, and stuffed it, and painted it on purpose to make a doll; that some one made these clothes on purpose to dress a doll with, and put the strings there on purpose to tie; and every thing with a particular design.

F. Then, mother, why did you speak about it as if you did not know?

M. Because, my child, I wished to lead your attention to something far more important than your doll. You feel satisfied that even this trifling toy could not have been produced without a maker, or without a design. Look around on this beautiful world in which we live, and which furnishes a dwelling-place and support to many millions of creatures; and think, whether this earth could be spread out beneath our feet; whether the grass, and corn, and flowers, and trees, and fruits, could spring up, and grow, and ripen; and think whether that blue sky could be stretched over our heads; and that bright sun and silvery moon, and those twinkling stars, appear so regularly to give light by day and by night, without some great First Cause, who contrived, and fixed, and maintains them all?

F. No, mother; there must be great skill indeed in making all these things; quite wonderful!

M. Wonderful indeed! Now, though you never saw the person who made your doll, and though you never saw a doll made, yet you can easily think that such a thing might be done. You have seen persons do other things quite as wonderful.

F. Yes, mother; I have seen you do many pretty things; and as you always make my clothes, I thought, perhaps, you had made the doll's clothes too. And I have seen my brother make plaster figures; he wets the white plaster, and pours it into his moulds; and then it comes out in pretty shapes. I thought, at first, the doll might be made in the same manner; I see now that it is very different.

M. Well, Fanny, there is, perhaps, nothing in this room of which it may be said that no person can be found to make another just like it. But did you ever see any person who could have made the world?

F. O no; no, mother, that I am sure I never did! What! the whole world?

M. Yes, or any part of it; do you know any person who could make an oak, or an apple tree?

F. No, mother; but you know trees are not made; they grow out of the ground; the oak comes from an acorn.

M. Yes; but who made the acorn?

F. That I do not know, mother; did it not grow on an oak at first?

M. Yes; but if you were to go back ever so far, and tell me that this oak grew from an acorn, which acorn grew upon an oak, which oak grew from another acorn; still I should ask, How came the first acorn, or the first oak?

F. Why, mother, the great God made it.

M. Yes, my child, but where did you learn this?

F. You taught it me yourself, mother, from the Bible.

M. True, my dear; I wish now to convey to your mind that what the Bible declares is according to sound reason; you see that there is nothing without a cause. When you hold in your hand the most common thing—a knife, a book, a doll—your own reason tells you that some one must have made it, some one must have placed it where you found it; you knew it could not make itself; it could not bring itself here. You see, too, that there are different degrees of skill required, in order to make different things; that little table your brother made for you, which is nothing more than a thin piece of board, with four sticks of equal length, fixed in the four corners, discovers some skill; but the making of a

watch would require a vast deal more; a person who was able to make one, might not be able to make the other. But when you look abroad upon the objects that surround you, you cannot think of any being, whom you ever saw, who was possessed of skill or power sufficient to produce the smallest of them—even an acorn or a blade of grass. You must conclude, therefore, that there exists some far greater Being whom you have never seen, and who has produced all these wonders around you. Now, your reason tells you this *must* be the case; the Bible tells you it is so. I shall not talk to you any more on this subject now, lest I should weary or confuse you. I will only give you one easy text to commit to memory; and another day, when we are together, we will endeavor to trace in the works of creation, some proofs of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, which will lead us to see more of his love and mercy in the salvation of poor sinners, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The text which Fanny's mother pointed out, was Hebrews iii. 4: "For every house is builded by some man; but he that built all things, is God."—*Youth's Friend*.

THE NURSERY.

FANNY'S DOLL; OR NOTHING WITHOUT A CAUSE.

Little Fanny was born at a lone farm-house, several miles from a town. There were only a few scattered houses in the village; no smart shops for silks, and ribbands, and trinkets, as there are in a town. People who keep a farm have not much occasion to go to a shop; they keep cows, and sheep, and pigs, and poultry, and grow wheat in the fields, and vegetables in the garden; so they have bread, and butter, and eggs, and milk, and cheese, and meat, without going out to buy. This was the case with Fanny's parents. But two or three times in a year, her mother went to the town, a few miles off, and bought what articles of clothing were wanted in the family. When Fanny was eight years old, and saw her mother preparing to go, she was very desirous of going also, but her mother did not think proper to take her. It was well for Fanny that she did not fret and tease to go, and dispute with her mother, as some naughty perverse children would have done! If she had done so, I do not think I should have had to in-

FLOWERS AND FAIRIES.

IT was a midsummer's day in merrie England, the last tones of the village bell striking the hour of noon had ceased to echo in the dim green recesses of the forest, and all was still save *nature's music*, the low rippling of the streamlet as it glided on, here laying bare the root of some huge old tree, and anon sweeping by in its whirling eddies some broken flower, bearing it far away till its course was lost in the sunny meadows. The very birds had ceased to sing, save some solitary warbler, and sat in languid silence among the many branches: but a step came bounding upon the green turf, and the birds opened their bright eyes, and peered down from their leafy canopy upon a fair-haired maiden who stood beneath the shadow of a spreading oak. A low warbling rang through the woods. They were discoursing in their own language.

Sweet Alice Grey! fifteen summers had passed over her head, and yet the flowers and birds were dearer to her than all beside, and with some old volume of

"Tales that have the rime of age
And chronicles of Eld"

she was wont to while time away in the green solitudes. The leafy branches swayed lovingly over her as, reclining upon a mossy seat, she perused some marvellous tale of fairy lore, and then she wondered if such another race inhabited the fair earth, and gazing into the shadowy woods endeavoured to discover their haunts—the magic ring—never dreaming, O most innocent Alice! that while she looked for other beings a youthful artist staid his ramble to sketch from the opposite bank the lovely picture before him. As thus she mused the soft air came to her laden with fragrance, gradually a strain of far-away melody stole upon her ear, the brook went murmuring low and sweet at her feet, and Alice was asleep * * * * * but she had changed her position and gone to the other side of the "huge oak tree," for there the blossoms grew more luxuriantly. Sweet violets, the pale anemone, wild rose, and graceful eglantine were blooming around, enclosed within a ring of the misty brake, seeming with its long arms to encircle these gems of the forest; and as she looked upon their beauty again the music came ringing wild and clear till the bright flowers themselves seemed to take up the chorus, and in small sweet voices sing praises to the gentle sun and mild dews. Alice looked up. The setting sun was casting a parting glory upon the tree tops, and when she looked again upon the greensward a tiny and beautiful form stood beside each blossom, while with one foot poised upon a rose stood a being more beautiful than aught human, and the fairies bowed their heads when in silvery accents she spoke:—

"Fair mortal, we have watched you through the long summer's day, when you have visited our presence, and we know your love for the young flowers. Have you never dreamed that the fairies and flowers were one? and when they fade from the earth for a season we, unseen spirits, hover around the pillow of the young and innocent, sending them sweet dreams of the future. We have each our mission, and to those we love best we grant our peculiar gift; but to you, O tender daughter of a human race, we give the choice." She paused, and a hundred sweet voices repeated the chorus.

"I am the queen of beauty—my gift is the maling blush upon the maiden's cheek; I can endow you with loveliness beyond all other mortals: shall I dwell with you?"

"Ah, mine is the power of genius," spoke a fairy from beside the iris, "who can withstand it? Beauty will fade, the cheek may pale, the bright eye grow dim; but I endure for ever, and monarchs bow before my spells."

"I can give you an ear attuned to all harmony," murmured a voice from the lily bell; "where other mortals listen for no sound, to you there will be sweetest music; the low breeze that sweeps around you at eventide will whisper mournful melodies, and every breath of air be laden with unwritten music, wrapping the senses in Elysium." * * *

One by one the fairies spoke, and then each upon her flowery throne sat in silence; one alone had been mute.

"And has the violet no gift?" sighed Alice.

"The gift of the violet is purity, modesty, and a gentle heart," whispered a voice like the dying strain of an Aeolian. Alice looked upon the flowers and hesitated: the gifts were written upon her heart, and each appealed, aided by the charm of imagination. Again she looked upon the violet, and to her eyes it seemed fairer and brighter than its companions. She gathered and pressed it to her lip. "This is my choice," she said as the air seemed more fragrant: the music rose with a richer swell, and the passing breeze, as it floated by, wafted the petals of the rose toward her.

Alice awoke—it was evening—the night wind was sighing through the branches above her, and the flowers looked up pale and quiet in the clear starlight; but the fairies had passed away. Silently she gathered her mantle around her and stole away through the dim shadows.

And in the greenwood bower there wanders a gentle maiden with a chaplet of violets wreathed in her sunny hair, a symbol of the purity within.

KATE —.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FAIREST HOURS TO CHEER THE LATEST HOURS OF LIFE.

FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"Give me a great thought," said Herder, in his sickness, to his son, "that I may refresh myself."

GOTTRIECH HARTMANN lived with his father, an aged clergyman, in the little village of Heim. Happy were the declining years of the priest; for when his strength failed, his son stepped into his place and fulfilled his duties; and truly edifying were the homilies of the young preacher to the heart of the old man.

Young Gottreich had a poetic soul; and the bloom of his youthful promise was not, like that of too many young poets, wasted and trampled under foot in his manhood, but crowned with sweet fruit. His father had felt the inspiration of poetry in his youth, but had not a favorable occasion for unfolding his powers, since, in his early days, fathers thought their sons might find far better pasturage in the humble vale and dull flat of the reading desk and professor's chair than on the peaks of Parnassus. But the soul of poetry, thus repressed, only worked the more powerfully within, mingled itself with all his thoughts and deeds, and colored all his life. Beauteous was the situation of the old priest; everything good was always about him: the twin sisters, Religion and Poetry, made their dwelling with him.

So lived the father and son together; and in addition to filial and parental love, a close and peculiar friendship grew between them. The father was refreshed to see not only the soul of his youthful poetry new-glowing in the son, but also the soul of his faith. Alas! it has been the case that many a pious father, in receiving his son from the university, has found in his house a young antichrist, prepared to despise and destroy the faith held dear so long at the old man's heart. It was not so with Gottreich: though, like all others, he had run his short random course of freethinking in the high school, he came home with the faith of his fathers warm in his bosom. So the old priest found his own Christian heart freshly beating in the breast of his son, justifying the convictions of a long life and the love of a father.

If it be painful to differ in thought from one we love in our heart, to turn away the head from one to whom the heart is ever inclined, it is doubly sweet at once to love and believe in fellowship with one in whom our better self is sustained and perpetuated with youthful energy. So life is like a fair starry night, where no star sets but one rises to shine in its place.

Gottreich had a paradise about him, in which he held the post of gardener for his father, enjoying all its fruits the more he labored for the old man's gratification. Every Sabbath brought him a new delight, in a new homily prepared chiefly for the purpose of gladdening his father's heart. He spent upon his homilies so much poetic beauty and warm-glowing power of language, that he seemed to strive to delight the still poetic mind of his father almost more than to enlighten and edify his congregation. At the same time the young priest knew very well that higher presumptions on the part of the preacher in favor of the understanding and sympathy of the people are

far better than the bald iteration of commonplaces so prevalent in the pulpit; for men only learn to climb by attempting something they have not yet climbed.

The moistened eye of the old priest, the hands now and then, during the sermon, folded in silent prayer, made for the young preacher every Sunday an Ascension festival; and in the quiet vicarage brooded joys little known to the rude world. Those who imagine the preparation and delivery of a course of homilies throughout the year to be a dull, dry task, should have heard the father and son speaking of the last, or consulting about the next, discourse for the little congregation at Heim.

And now to this blessed little society was added a new and worthy member. This was Justa, a young maiden of considerable wealth, an orphan, who had left a neighboring town to find repose and happiness in the little village where Gottreich and his father lived:

"Love, to make poor mortals blest,
Bids two hearts together glow;
Yet it is not perfect rest:
Three together make it so."

Two may be happy together, but three may be still happier; for the two may talk and expatiate of all the excellencies of the third; and so the harmonic triad of friendship will admit of variations never ceasing, never tiring. This happy third person was found in the spirited young maiden, Justa; for after she had seen the enthusiastic face of the young poet and preacher, and had heard some four or five of his Lent homilies, she gave him her heart; and only reserved her hand till the disturbances of the country (for it was the time of our war with the French) should subside into peace. I wish it were in the power of my hand to paint the beauty of that continual May-day life that bloomed all about the lowly church-tower at Heim, under the fostering hand of the fair Justa. Piety and sacred beauty were here sweetly wedded together, as the church cast its holy shadow over the little garden where the happy three would meet in the evening, while the sky, like the dome of a temple, hung over them. It is pleasant to think that, in many a lowly village and unheard-of dwelling, some such isolated Eden in the world is now unfolding itself, and it may be so; though none but poets know it, for the gentle flowers of true joy ever delight to hide themselves in thickest foliage. Gottreich lived so blissfully in his hidden paradise, that he feared to speak of his joys except in the thanksgivings that filled up the greater part of his prayers.

Nothing reminds a thoughtful youth so much of the *last hour of life* as the fairest and most intensely joyful hour of life: for those who are full of thoughts and feelings of love and joy must also think much of death. So, in the fresh delight of life's May-morning, Gottreich could not avoid thinking that his morning star must one day shine as his evening star. Said he to himself: "Now is all clear and brilliant before me—the beauty and happiness of life; the splendor of the universe; the glory of the Creator; the worth and the power of the human heart; the constellations of eternal truths; the lustrous heaven of ideas—I see and feel all clearly, surely, warmly; but as after the day comes the night, so, when I lie in the fading hour of life, all these things may be overshadowed in the twilight, and hardly recognised even by the eyes of faith and love: for when we draw near to heaven, death holds the inverted telescope to the weary eye, and nothing is seen through it but a drear void space, stretching far away beneath us and all we love. But is this mere optical deception to be taken for the truth? Do not now my youthful powers, in their joyous unfolding, seize the truth better and surer than I can when all around seems fading to the fading eye and weary heart of old age? I know very well that is the truth which I see and feel now: let me mark it well and remember it, that the light of the morning may have a fair reflection in the eventide." So he occupied the fair May-morning in recording his glowing feelings in glowing words, under the title, "Recollections of the Fairest Hours to cheer the Latest Hours of Life."

So the happy triad of love continued for a while, till the war broke out; and its first thunders so roused the heart of Gottreich from happy dreams that he became a transformed man. The same fire of enthusiasm which had made him a poet now made him a soldier; but now, no longer contented to play with its own beauty, would seize some certain object, and work for some certain purpose. The young priest scarcely dared to breathe his wishes to his father, but intrusted the secret intention with Justa, who demurred on account of the old man's feelings. But

the old clergyman, mastered by the same patriotic ardor that had seized his son, blessed him for his holy purpose, and cheerfully bade him go and fight the battles of his country: "I," said he, "will see to the homilies, till Heaven shall restore peace to our wounded land."

So Gottreich went to his exercise as a common soldier; and, whenever he had opportunity, used his power as a preacher to sustain the courage of his comrades. He closed his campaign not without considerable active service, though somewhat to his disappointment, without a wound. And now, as peace again brooded over the rescued country, Gottreich travelled homeward through towns and villages full of festivity, rejoicing in all he saw around him, but knowing that few were so happy as himself. As he pursued his way, he delighted himself with the thought that at once he would take the burden of his duties from his father's mind, and the hand of Justa to make it light upon his own. As he drew nigh his native place, and saw the hills that rose a little beyond Heim, he could not avoid musing over his little manual of sweet "Recollections;" and devised some new glowing chapters on the reunion of friends. A gentle thunder-storm gathered over his head, and large drops fell to refresh the thirsty ground; and the well-known peasantry, as he passed by, rejoiced at once in the welcome shower and their returning friend. And now the little tower of Heim seemed to grow up out of the earth as he approached; and, as he stepped down into the bosom of the vale, the parsonage greeted his view, and all its windows shone in the evening glow. At each he looked for the expectant Justa; but all was still about the house. As he entered and found the lower rooms empty, a slight noise directed his attention to his father's chamber; and he entered softly the apartment filled with the splendor of the evening sky. There kneeled Justa by the bed of his father, who sat looking into the heavens, while his pale wasted countenance gleamed strangely in the rosy light. Gottreich fell upon the old man's bosom, who stretched toward him his withered yellow hand, and said, "You have come just in time, my son."

Justa related, in few words, how the father had overwrought himself in attention to his duties, and had been now, for some days, half sunk in lethargy; seeming to take no more interest in all that had once been dearest to him. As she spoke, the old man heard not, but continued gazing upon the sun, setting now behind clouds of crimson and gold. Suddenly the heavens were over-clouded; a dead calm lasted a few minutes; then fell a heavy shower of rain; the lightning streamed through the chamber, and the thunder rolled among the hills. It seemed that the disturbance had aroused the dying man from his stupor: "I hear," said he, "the rain again: speak, children; for I must soon go." The heavens discharged their fulness, and all life throughout the vale seem refreshed by the shower, as the sun broke forth again and changed the cloud-wrecks of the storm into shapes and hues of wondrous beauty. "See," said the enlivened old man, pointing to the sky—"See the glorious work of God! And now, my son, tell me, for my last comfort here, something of the goodness and loveliness of the Almighty One, as you told us in your homilies in the spring." Gottreich wept as he thought that the little manual drawn up for his own use—the "Recollections of the Fairest Hours, to cheer the Latest Hours of Life"—must be first read at his father's death-bed. When he mentioned them, the old man said, "Hasten and bring them." And so, with trembling voice, Gottreich began:

"Oh think, in the darksome hour, how the glory of heaven and earth once filled your bosom!—how you gazed by day into one infinitude of beauty, and by night into another! Put away the unmeaning notion of void space, and surround yourself again, as a middle point, with the fulness and glory of innumerable suns and worlds, all full of life and love—splendor with splendor, grandeur with grandeur mingling. Soar, spirit, ages after ages, from world to world—you will ever be in the bosom of the infinite fulness, in no peril of falling into a dread void; for empty space is only between the worlds, and not around them all. Oh think, in the darksome hour, on the time when your heart burst forth in rapturous prayer to God!—on the day when the thought of the infinite, the eternal, opened in your mind."

Here the old man folded his hands in silent prayer. "Have you not known and felt present the Being whose infinitude is not only of power and wisdom, but of love? Remember now the sweet hours of childhood, when the deep blue sky of day and the deep blue sky of night opened upon you like the soft

kind eyes of a preserving angel over you. And think how a thousand gentle reflections of the eternal goodness, from heart to heart, from eye to eye, of mankind, have played around you, as the one light plays from sun to sun, from world to world, through all the universe.

"Oh think, in the darksome hour, how, in the springtide, the grave only seemed the horizon of a new world, and how, even in the fulness of life, you could think of better things after death. Think that your life is ever surrounded with the universal life in which birth and death are only the light, uppermost billows of an unfathomable ocean. And can you forget, in the darksome hour, father, how great and good men have lived and died whose path you are now following? See the great spirits of the human race who stand on their mountain-towers, with the storms of life about and below, but never above, them. Recall to mind the enthroned succession of sages and poets who have illumined and inspired people after people, through so many ages."

"Speak of our Redeemer," said the father. "Yes; think, in the darksome hour, of Jesus Christ. Life is holy, and death is holy; for he has shared both with us. May he look upon you, in this last darksome hour, and show you his and your Father!"

A gentle burst of thunder rolled among the clouds awhile, and then the sun looked out again in mild beauty.

"And think, father, how the heart can love, and how many millions of souls may live in love, nourished and supported by one heart-spring, as the oak for many centuries, out of one root, draws life sap for the glories of five hundred spring-tides."

"Do you mean me?" asked the father.

"I am thinking of my mother too," said the son; and Justa melted in tears as she saw that thoughts of love could so overcome the bitterness of death; while the old man, musing on his long-deceased wife, murmured softly, "Meet again!"

Suddenly, the clouds were arranged in two dark mountain-peaks, between which the sun looked out with a kind farewell glance upon the earth.

"What a glorious countenance!" said the dying man.

"It is the setting sun, father," said Gottreich. "Yes, I see that face again; and now—" said the father, thinking all the while of his departed wife. Gottreich felt unable to continue his "Recollections," and go on to describe the joys of re-union upon earth, which he had penned in the morning; for how could he speak of earthly happiness to one who, even now, was gazing into a higher life?

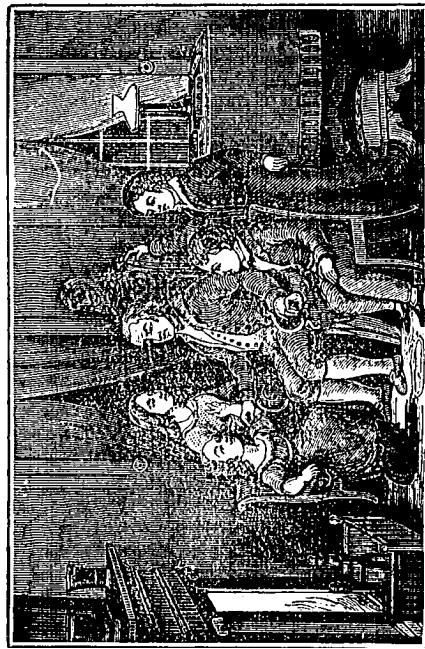
"Father!" he exclaimed, as he marked the fixing gaze of the dying man, "how are you now?"

"Yes, I am thinking so and so," the old man kept murmuring, as he imagined he still heard his son speaking. "Death is sweet, and 't is lovely to depart in Christ." Still he seemed drinking in the words of his son, and enriching his departing soul with all the joys of his past life, as from time to time he whispered, with failing breath, "All good!" till the brightness of all those views of his life was lost, not in darkness, but in light, as in his soul arose the sun—God. As the sun sank down, the father raised himself from his pillow, expanded his arms, and said, "There are three beautiful rainbows over the setting sun,—I must go." He then fell back, and expired. Whatever living men may say of death as a sleep, or annihilation (both words without meaning,) those who have watched by the dying, and heard their last breathing, know that the thoughts of the last hour are rather of *rising and going hence*.

"He is gone!" said Gottreich, weeping, to Justa, who wept over the pale form; "he is gone, full of holy joys, to his God. Let us not weep. The sun has set and risen at once; and he knows now that the same light makes glorious the evening and the morning."

GRANDFATHER'S DREAM.

Tree, Liberty
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); May 27, 1842; 16, 3; American Periodicals
pg. 9



GRANDFATHER'S DREAM.

Laurence and Clara, where were you last night? Where were you, Charley, and dear little Alice? You had all gone to rest, and left old Grandfather to meditate alone, in his great chair. The lamp had grown so dim, that its light hardly illuminated the alabaster shade. The wood fire had crumbled into heavy embers, among which the little flames danced, and quivered, and sported about, like fairies.

And here sat Grandfather, all by himself. He knew that it was bed time; yet he could not help longing to hear your merry voices, or to hold a comfortable chat with some old friend; because then his pillow would be visited by pleasant dreams. But, as neither children nor friends were at hand, Grandfather leaned back in the great chair, and closed his eyes, for the sake of meditating more profoundly.

And, when Grandfather's meditations had grown very profound indeed, he fancied that he heard a sound over his head, as if somebody were preparing to speak.

"Hem!" it said, in a dry, husky tone. "H-e-m! Hem!"

As Grandfather did not know that any person was in the room, he started up in great surprise, and peeped hither and thither, behind the chair, and into the recess by the fire-side, and at the dark nook yonder, near the book case. Nobody could see.

"Pooh!" said Grandfather to himself, "I must have been dreaming."

But, just as he was going to resume his seat, Grandfather happened to look at the great chair. The rays of fire light were flickering upon it in such a manner, that it really seemed as if its oaken frame were all alive. What! Did it not move its elbow? There, too! It certainly lifted one of its ponderous fore-legs, as if it had a notion of drawing itself a little nearer to the fire.

Meantime, the lion's head nodded at Grandfather, with as polite and sociable a look as a lion's visage, carved in oak, could possibly be expected to assume. Well, this is strange!

"Good evening, my old friend," said the dry and husky voice, now a little clearer than before. "We have been intimately acquainted so long, that I think it high time we have a chat together."

Grandfather was looking straight at the lion's head, and could not be mistaken in supposing that it moved its lips. So here the mystery was all explained.

"I was not aware," said Grandfather, with a civil salutation to his oaken companion, "that you possessed the faculty of speech. Otherwise, I should often have been glad to converse with such a solid, useful, and substantial, if not brilliant member of society."

"Oh!" replied the ancient chair, in a quiet and easy tone, for it had now cleared its throat of the dust of ages. "I am naturally a silent and incommunicative sort of character. Once or twice, in the course of a century, I unclose my lips. When the gentle Lady Arbella departed this life, I uttered a groan. When the honest mint master weighed his plump daughter against the pine-tree shillings, I chuckled audibly at the joke. When old Simon Bradstreet took the place of the tyrant Andros, I joined in the general huzza, and capered upon my wooden legs, for joy. To be sure, the bystanders were so fully occupied with their own feelings, that my sympathy was quite unnoticed."

"And have you often held a private chat with your friends?" asked Grandfather.

"Not often," answered the chair. "I once talked with Sir William Phips, and communicated my ideas about the witchcraft delusion. Cotton Mather had several conversations with me, and derived great benefit from my historical reminiscences. In the days of the Stamp Act, I whispered in the ear of Hutchinson, bidding him to remember what stock his countrymen were descended of, and to think whether the spirit of their forefathers had utterly departed from them. The last man whom I favored with a colloquy, was that stout old republican, Samuel Adams."

"And how happens it," inquired Grandfather, "that there is no record nor tradition of your conversational abilities? It is an uncommon thing to meet with a chair that can talk."

"Why, to tell you the truth," said the chair, giving itself a hitch nearer to the hearth, "I am not apt to choose the most suitable moments for unclosing my lips. Sometimes I have inconsiderately begun to speak, when my occupant, lolling back in my arms, was inclined to take an after-dinner nap. Or, perhaps, the impulse to talk may be felt at midnight, when the lamp burns dim, and the fire crumbles into decay, and the studious or thoughtful man finds that his brain is in a mist. Oftenest, I have unwisely uttered my wisdom in the ears of sick persons, when the inquietude of fever made them toss about, upon my cushion. And so it happens, that, though my words make a pretty strong impression at the moment, yet my auditors in-

riably remember them only as a dream. I should not wonder, if you, my excellent friend, were to do the same, to-morrow morning."

"Nor I either," thought Grandfather to himself. However, he thanked this respectable old chair for beginning the conversation, and begged to know whether it had any thing particular to communicate.

"I have been listening attentively to your narrative of my adventures," replied the chair; "and it must be owned, that your correctness entitles you to be held up as a pattern to biographers. Nevertheless, there are a few omissions, which I should be glad to see supplied. For instance, you make no mention of the good knight, Sir Richard Saltonstall, nor of the famous Hugh Peters, nor of those old regicide judges, Whalley, Goffe, and Dixwell. Yet I have borne the weight of all these distinguished characters, at one time or another."

Grandfather promised amendment, if ever he should have an opportunity to repeat his narrative. The good old chair, which still seemed to retain a due regard for outward appearance, then reminded him how long a time had passed, since it had been provided with a new cushion. It likewise expressed the opinion, that the oaken figures on its back would show to much better advantage, by the aid of a little varnish.

"And I have had a complaint in this joint," continued the chair, endeavoring to lift one of its legs, "ever since Charley trundled his wheelbarrow against me."

"It shall be attended to," said Grandfather. "And now, venerable chair, I have a favor to solicit. During an existence of more than two centuries, you have had a familiar intercourse with men who were esteemed the wisest of their day. Doubtless, with your capacious understanding, you have treasured up many an invaluable lesson of wisdom. You certainly have had time enough to guess the riddle of life. Tell us poor mortals, then, how we may be happy!"

The lion's head fixed its eyes thoughtfully upon the fire, and the whole chair assumed an aspect of deep meditation. Finally, it beckoned to Grandfather with its elbow, and made a step sideways towards him, as if it had a very important secret to communicate.

"As long as I have stood in the midst of human affairs," said the chair, with a very oracular enunciation, "I have constantly observed that JUSTICE, TRUTH, and LOVE, are the chief ingredients of every happy life."

"Justice, Truth, and Love!" exclaimed Grandfather. "We need not exist two centuries to find out that these qualities are essential to our happiness. This is no secret. Every human being is born with the instinctive knowledge of it."

"Ah!" cried the chair, drawing back in surprise. "From what I have observed of the dealings of man with man, and nation with nation, I never should have suspected that they knew this all-important secret. And, with this eternal lesson written in your soul, do you ask me to sift new wisdom for you, out of my petty existence of two or three centuries?"

“But, my dear chair—” said Grandfather.

“Not a word more,” interrupted the chair; “here I close my lips for the next hundred years. At the end of that period if I shall have discovered any new precepts of happiness, better than what Heaven has already taught you, they shall assuredly be given to the world.”

In the energy of its utterance, the oaken chair seemed to stamp its foot, and trod, (we hope unintentionally,) upon Grandfather’s toe. The old gentleman started, and found that he had been asleep in the great chair, and that his heavy walking stick had fallen down across his foot.

“Grandfather,” cried little Alice, clapping her hands, “you must dream a new dream, every night, about our chair!”

Laurence, and Clara, and Charley, said the same. But the good old gentleman shook his head, and declared that here ended the history, real or fabulous, of GRANDFATHER’S CHAIR.

[Liberty Tree.]

THE NURSERY.

GRANDMOTHER'S CAKES.

During the last summer a lady who was distributing tracts called at one of the houses in her district where was a little girl. After leaving the tract, she said she had been desired to request the families in her district to put their names to the Temperance pledge. The lady of the house replied that both her husband and herself were already members. As the tract distributor rose to take her leave, the little girl whispered to her mother, "I should like to join the Temperance Society."

Her mother smiled, and said, "Do you think you are old enough to understand what it means?"

"I think I could," she replied, "and I never mean to drink any thing strong, so I think I might have my name put down."

Her mother read and explained the pledge to her, and wrote the little girl's name on the paper—Elizabeth S—.

Nothing further was said about the circumstance; but a week or two afterwards, Elizabeth went to her grandmother's to spend the day. After she had been there a while, her grandmother gave her a piece of nice cake, but just as the little girl was going to taste it, she hesitated; and when her grandmother looked at her some moments after, she was standing with the untasted cake in her hand.

"Why do you not eat your cake, my dear," said her grandmother; "do not you want it?"

"Yes, ma'am; I want it, and should like it very much; but I did not know but it had some brandy or wine in it, and I have joined the Temperance Society, and so you know I must not eat any thing that is made with these things."

"Well, my dear," said her grandmother, "you need not be afraid to eat this cake, for it is temperance cake. I am very glad," added she, "to see you so mindful of your pledge."

Elizabeth bounded off to her play, and in a short time, the cake was eaten; and she again at her grandmother's side, whispering, "Please, ma'am, give me another piece of your good temperance cake!"—*Youth's Friend.*

HE WAS A CLASS-MATE OF MINE.

How often is heard the remark, "Oh yes, I remember him; he was a class-mate of mine"—and then usually follows some concise, graphic sentence, giving a bird's-eye view of the whole character; and though it is sometimes a caricature, it more frequently bears a close analogy to truth.

"Oh yes, I remember him: he was in the law-office of _____. He could not drink a glass of wine without becoming excited, and it was the amusement of his companions to induce him to take the first glass, that they might see the operation of it."

Said a gentleman to a friend, "Did you know A— B—? He studied at C. and went to the west, where, poor fellow, in a few months he died. He was a superior young man, I believe—much depended on by his family—possessed a good mind, was very ambitious, and promised fair for worldly advancement and prosperity. But his prospects were soon blighted by death, and his head laid low in the grave."

"Ah yes, I remember him; but let memory be silent, and partial friends imagine or believe all that is delightful respecting him; yet, I remember that he was no honor to the kind relatives who doated on him. I remember that the pious instructions of an affectionate father were soon laughed to scorn, through the influence of those to whom he yielded, because he thought them *gentlemen*; and so, according to the world's code of etiquette, they were; made so, however, by their relative position in society through their friends, and not from inherent qualities in themselves, which can alone constitute true gentlemen. This poor young man was dazzled by a *name*, and duped by an affectation of superiority, which is never manifested by the truly wise: and through his own vanity he was *doubly* duped, and became the scorn, derision, and laughing-stock of his false friends, and the sorrow and pity of those who were estimable, and whose friendship he might have cultivated with honor and advantage."

Are *you* in school? are you in college? or do you anticipate at some future period becoming a member of such an institution? What in after years, what at the *present* time, can your associates say of their class-mate? In the day school; in the public school; in the Sabbath school, what do *you* do for your class, and for those around you? Your example, if it is appropriate; your diligent attention to your studies; your perfect recitations; your respect to your teachers; your politeness to your school-fellows; your readiness to oblige where it is right, and your decision in saying no where it would be **wrong**, mark your character as a class-mate, and will be connected with every remembrance of you through life and in eternity.—*Gazette of Education.*

I COME TO BE TAKEN IN.

A young lad wishing to attend some Sabbath School, found his way to a meeting-house, and was standing in the entry, as a gentleman opened the door leading to the school room. He had but just stepped into the entry, and shut the door, before the boy approached him, and pointing to the door, asked with much earnestness, "is the Sabbath School in there, sir?" "Yes, my son," was the reply. "Well," said the boy, "I come to be taken in." The gentleman immediately opened the door, and introduced him to the superintendent, repeating his own request. The boy was delighted to find himself in the company of a large group of happy youth, all studying the Scriptures.

This little incident reminded me of other lads pursuing the way of sin and eternal death. I have seen them standing at the door of a dram-shop; at the door of a circus or tent, where there were dancing and drinking; at the door of the bowling-alley, and at the door of the theatre; some of them well dressed, and some of them in rags and dirt; some of them had money to pay for their admission, others had none; some of them had the consent of their parents, others had not, but *all had "come to be taken in."* They were deceived,—they were seeking for happiness where it could not be found. They wished to enter upon a course which, if persisted in, always leads to disgrace, profligacy, and loss of character and soul. But the Sabbath School boy wished to enter a safe path, always leading to happiness, respectability, honor, and God. The boy who wished to be "taken in" to the Sabbath School, made a wise choice, a "good bargain." He was not deceived as those are who turn away from the house of God, his instructions, and his Sabbaths.

But there is another door before which all will stand, and at which all will wish to go in. They will wish to "be taken in," at heaven's door. They will say "Lord, Lord, open unto us, 'we have come to be taken in.'" But the Judge will answer them, "depart from me ye workers of iniquity, I know you not." Then they will see that they have been deceived, that they have lost heaven. Oh! how awful the thought! Let the wicked forsake his ways. But how happy will that lad be, who chose the Sabbath School, the people of God, the way to heaven, when he shall hear the same Judge say to him, as he stands waiting to "be taken in," "come ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." *Treasury.*

**HAY MAKING.**

After partaking of an early dinner, the whole family of Stocks, father, mother, brothers and sisters, set out for the hay-field, where the young ones all galloped and tumbled about till they were out of breath. In the midst of their mirth, however, they did not overlook many objects of curiosity which presented themselves to their notice. One collected all the field-flowers she could find in the hedges; another found a mouse's nest with four young ones in it; an ingenious and pretty little structure, shaped like a ball, and lined in the inside with wool and fur. Having all admired the skill of the builders, their mother recommended them to place the nest again carefully where they found it. "The field-mouse," said she, "is an inoffensive creature, and the poor things you have in your hand would die if they had not their parents' care. So put them back, John; and if they have the good fortune to escape the sharp eyes and claws of the owl, many months of happiness are in store for them." After watching the flight of a humble-bee for some time, Taunton saw it pop into a hole in the ground; so he called the brothers, and with sticks they turned up the earth in the direction of the hole till they came to a space of some depth below the surface, about the dimensions of a pint basin, which was filled with cells, containing young bees, not yet hatched, and some with honey that was as pure-looking and colorless as water. But they did not perform this desperate feat of invasion without suffering from the vengeance of the assailed party, for Tom received a pretty sharp sting from one of the defenders of their citadel. The next object that engaged their attention, was one of those very handsome insects, the hornet, which they observed to fly into a small crack in the trunk of an oak tree. "Here's another nest!" shouted Adam. "Yes," said his father, "and I recommend you to have nothing to do with it at this time of the day. The sting of a hornet is vastly more formidable

than that of either a bee or a wasp. I promise you, that even Tom, brave as he is, will not easily forget the sting of an exasperated hornet. The only way of destroying those creatures, as well as wasps, is by suffocating them with burning sulphur at night." *Juvenile Library.*

INTERESTING JUVENILE LETTER.

New York *Observer and Chronicle* (1833-1912); Mar 26, 1842; 20, 13; American Periodicals
pg. 52

INTERESTING JUVENILE LETTER.

The following letter, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Goodman, of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Staunton, Virginia, has recently been forwarded by the Rev. Mr. M'Elroy, General Agent of the Virginia Bible Society. Another, of like tenour, addressed to the Rev. P. E. Stevenson, of the Presbyterian Church, of the same place, has also been forwarded. The only difference in the two is in the words "Members of the Presbyterian denomination" in the latter, in place of the "Episcopal denomination." The poetry quoted in these letters is admirably appropriate, and speaks favorably for the good taste and benevolence of those who have the training of these youthful minds.

STAUNTON, Feb. 3, 1842.

Dear Sir,—The undersigned, pupils of the "Staunton Juvenile Seminary," having formed themselves into a "Union Sewing Society," under the superintendence of their respected teacher, the proceeds of their labor to be equally divided, and appropriated according to the wishes of each portion of the society; the members belonging to the Episcopal denomination desire, through you, their pastor, to present the enclosed five dollars, their *first fruits*, to the "American Bible Society." In reference to the smallness of the sum, they would adopt the beautiful sentiment expressed by Montgomery in the following lines:

A grain of corn, an infant's hand
May plant upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks may spring and yield
Enough to stock a little field.

The harvest of that field might then
Be multiplied to ten times ten;
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread
Wherewith an army might be fed.

Not so was it with her cousin, who though older than herself, was of a totally different turn of mind. Sarah's aim was to be well dressed, and to be thought handsome. While her cousin was devoting the first moments of Sunday morning to serious and thoughtful reflections, *she* was employing herself, in fixing her hair to make it tastey and graceful as she thought, or in cleaning her rings. But after all her endeavors, the impression she made upon people was in no degree favorable, for they oftentimes remarked, "how badly Sarah Green looks with her flowers, ribbons, and laces; I hope her mother does not dress her; if so, I surely pity her taste." Sarah belonged to the Sabbath School, by *name*, and *that was all*. Her lessons she scarcely ever pretended to look at during the week, and once in a great while she would at the last minute on the morning they were to be recited, merely read them over; but her excuse was to her teacher, when she inquired the reason of her failure, "I have had no time; I have just as much as I can do to learn my lessons at the Academy, but next week it shall be perfect."

Next week came, but her answer was the same. Her beautifully ornamented testament lay almost untouched upon her shelf, and so it was with all her books, save works of fiction. There was perhaps, one excuse for Sarah that Isabella could not have, if she had omitted her duties, and that was, her parents were in no wise governed by religious principles. They never attended church, and as Sarah was their only daughter, they indulged her in every wild fancy. Her father rather too frequently resorted to the Champaigne hamper, and that alone would be sufficient to warrant his unfaithfulness to his duty.

The readers of this paper can now see that a great difference often exists between members of a Sabbath School; and I trust that they will ever strive to imitate, and if possible excel, Isabella Myers. Let them be constant at church, learn their lessons perfectly, and do as much as they can for God, and for their own souls, while life and health are given them; then will they be prepared to meet their Father in the Heavenly Jerusalem.

C. E. A.

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

ISABELLA MYERS, AND HER COUSIN SARAH GREEN.

Isabella Myers was a member of the Sabbath School. Her parents were strictly religious, and brought up their children to believe that they were constantly under the inspection of an ever watchful Providence, that their actions, thoughts and desires, were open to His all-seeing eye, and that for all their talents and advantages, they must one day render an account of the manner in which they have improved or abused them.

On Saturday evening the lesson for the next day was carefully read, and then studied, until the time for Isabella to retire for the night. The succeeding day she completed her simple toilet early, and then seating herself by a window, the view from which was both extensive and fine, commenced reading the word of inspiration with a penitent heart, a heart prepared to receive instruction. After she had thus read a chapter or two in her Bible, she would slowly and distinctly read a prayer, from a prayer book designed for children. She was once asked why she always used a book, instead of praying extempore. She answered, "Because I am so young that I am afraid God would not listen to the words, which I should use out of my own mind." She possessed a sweet voice, though a feeble one, and oftentimes she would mingle hers with the notes of the birds, as if both were praising their Creator and upholder for their protection the past night. She then would repair to the parlor and there read until breakfast was announced. When the morning services were ended at church, she very quietly took her seat and waited for the teacher and other scholars to assemble. The instructions of her teacher sank deep into her soul, and during the week she often reproved her elder brothers or sisters, and ended by saying, "my teacher has often told me that was very wrong." Her Sunday lesson was always perfectly learned; and when others in her class failed in a ready reply, she would give the right answer, no matter how difficult it was, or of what length.

NARRATIVE.

JOANNA.

One night Lucy was sick with the croup. She did not wake the next morning till after breakfast. Her mother told her that she must not go out of doors that day, but that she might play about in any of the rooms, just as she pleased.

"But what shall I do for my breakfast?" said Lucy.

"O, I will give you some breakfast," said Miss Anne. "How should you like to have it by yourself, upon your little table, in the kitchen?"

"Well," said Lucy, "if you will let me have my own cups and saucers."

"Your cups won't hold enough for you to drink,—will they?"

"O, I can fill them up two or three times."

Miss Anne said she had no objection to this plan; and she told Lucy to go and get her table ready. So Lucy went and got her little table. It was just high enough for her to sit on. Her father had made it for her, by taking a small table in the house, which had been intended for a sort of a light-stand, and sawing off the legs, so as to make it just high enough for her.

Lucy brought this little table, and also her chair; and then Miss Anne handed her a napkin for a table cloth, and told her that she might set her table,—and that, when it was all set, she would bring her something for breakfast; and so she left Lucy, for a time, to herself.

Lucy spread the napkin upon her table, and then went and got some of her cups and saucers, and put upon it. Joanna was ironing at the great kitchen table, and Lucy went to ask her how many cups and saucers she had better set.

"I should think it would take the whole set," said Joanna, "to hold one good cup of tea."

"But I am going to fill up my cup three times, Joanna; and if that isn't enough, I shall fill it up four times."

"O, then," said Joanna, "I would not have but one cup,—or at most two. I think I would have two, because you may possibly have some company."

"I wish you would come and be my company, Joanna."

"No, I must attend to my ironing."

"Well," said Lucy, as she went back to her table, "I will have two cups, at any rate, for I may have some company."

She accordingly put on two cups and a tea-pot; also a sugar-bowl and creamer. She placed them in various ways upon the table; first trying one plan of arrangement, and then another; and when at last they were placed in the best way, she went and called Miss Anne, to tell her that she was ready for her breakfast.

Miss Anne came out, according to her promise, to give her what she was to have to eat. First, she put a little sugar in her sugar-bowl; then some milk in her cream-pitcher; then some water, pretty hot, in her tea-pot.

"Could not you let me have a little real tea?" said Lucy.

"O, this will taste just as well," said Miss Anne.

"I know it will taste just as well; but it will not *look* just right. Real tea is not white, like water."

"Water is not white," said Miss Anne; "milk is white; water is very different in appearance from milk."

"What color is water, then?" said Lucy.

"It is not of any color," said Miss Anne. "It is what we call colorless. Now, you want to have something in your teapot which is colored a little, like tea,—not perfectly colorless, like water."

Lucy said yes, that was exactly what she wanted. So Miss Anne took her tea-pot up, and went into the closet with it, and presently came out with it again, and put it upon the table. The reason why she took all this pains to please Lucy was, because she was so gentle and pleasant; and, although she often asked for things, she was not vexed or ill-humored when they could not be given to her.

Miss Anne then cut some thin slices of bread, and divided them into square pieces, so small that they could go on a small plate, which she brought from the closet. She also gave her a toasting fork with a long handle, and told her that she might toast her own bread, and then spread it with butter. She gave her a little butter upon another plate.

When all these things were arranged, Miss Anne went away, telling Lucy that she had better make her breakfast last as long as she could, for she must remember that she could not go out at all that day; and that she must therefore economize her amusements.

"Economize! What do you mean by that, Miss Anne?" said Lucy.

"Why, use them carefully, and make them last as long as you can."

Lucy followed Miss Anne's advice in making the amusement of sitting at her own breakfast table last as long as possible. She toasted her little slices of bread with the toasting-fork, and poured out the tea from her tea-pot. She found that it had a slight tinge of the color of tea, which Miss Anne had given it by sweetening it a little, with brown sugar. Lucy enjoyed her breakfast very much.

While she was eating it, Joanna, who was much pleased with her for being so still, and so careful not to make her any trouble, asked her if she should not like a roasted apple.

"Yes," said Lucy, "very much indeed."

"I will give you one," said Joanna, "and show you how to roast it, if you will go and ask your mother, if she thinks it will not hurt you."

Lucy accordingly went and asked her mother. She said it would not hurt her at all, and that she should be very glad to have Joanna get her an apple.

Joanna accordingly brought a large, rosy apple, with a stout stem. She tied a long string to the stem, and then held the apple up before the fire a minute, by means of the stem. Then she got a flat-iron, and tied the other end of the string to the flat-iron. The flat-iron she then placed upon the mantle shelf, and the string was just long enough to let the apple hang down exactly before the fire.

When it was all arranged in this way, she took up the apple, and twisted the string for some time; and then, when she let the apple down again gently to its place, the weight of it began to untwist the string, and this made the apple itself turn round quite swiftly before the fire.

Joanna also put a plate under the apple, to catch any of the juice or pulp which might fall down, and then left Lucy to watch it while it was roasting.

Lucy watched its revolutions for some time in silence. She observed that the apple would

whirl very swiftly for a time, and then it would go slower, and slower, and slower, until at length she said,

"Joanna, Joanna, it is going to stop."

But, instead of this, it happened that, just at the very instant when Lucy thought it was going to stop, all at once it began to turn the other way; and, instead of going slower and slower, it went faster and faster, until, at length, it was revolving as fast as it did before.

"O no," said she to Joanna; "it has got a going again."

It was indeed revolving very swiftly; but pretty soon it began to slacken its speed again; and again Lucy thought that it was certainly going to stop. But at this time she witnessed the same phenomenon as before. It had nearly lost all its motion, and was turning around very slowly indeed, and just upon the point of stopping; and in fact it did seem to stop for an instant; but immediately it began to move in an opposite direction, very slowly at first, but afterwards faster and faster, until it was, at length, spinning around before the hot coals, as fast as ever before. Pretty soon, also, the apple began to sing; and Lucy concluded that it would never stop,—at least not before it would have time to be well-roasted.

"It goes like Royal's top," said Lucy.

"Has Royal got a top?" said Joanna.

"Yes," said Lucy, "a large humming top. There is a hole in it. It spins very fast, only it does not go first one way and then the other, like this apple."

"I never saw a top," said Joanna.

"Never saw one!" exclaimed Lucy. "Did not the boys have tops when you were little?"

"No boys that I ever knew," answered Joanna.

"Did you have a tea-set when you were a little girl?" asked Lucy.

"No," said Joanna, "I never saw any such a tea-set, until I saw yours."

"What kind of playthings did you have then, when you were a little girl?"

"No playthings at all," said Joanna; "I was a farmer's daughter."

"And don't the farmers' daughters ever have any playthings?"

"I never did, at any rate."

"What did you do, then, for play?"

"O, I had plenty of play. When I was about as big as you, I used to build fires in the stumps."

"What stumps?" said Lucy.

"Why, the stumps in the field, pretty near my father's house. I used to pick up chips and sticks, and build fires in the hollow places in the stumps, and call them my ovens. Then, when they were all heated, I used to put a potatoe in, and cover it up with sand, and let it roast."

"I wish I had some stumps to build fires in," said Lucy. "I should like to go to your house and see them."

"O, they are all gone now," said Joanna. "They have gradually got burnt up, and rotted out; and now it is all a smooth, green field."

"O, what a pity!" said Lucy. "And aren't there any more stumps anywhere?"

"Yes, in the woods, and upon the new fields. You see, when they cut down trees, they leave the stumps in the ground; and pretty soon they begin to rot; and they rot more and more, until, at last, they tumble all to pieces; and then they pile up the pieces in heaps, and burn them. Then the ground is all smooth and clear. So I used to build fires in the stumps as long as they lasted. One day my hen laid her eggs in a stump."

"Your hen?" said Lucy; "did you have a hen?"

"Yes," replied Joanna; "when I was a little older than you are, my father gave me a little yellow chicken, that was *peeping*, with the rest, about the yard. I used to feed her, every day, with crumbs. After a time, she grew up to be a

large hen, and laid eggs. My father said that I might have all the eggs too. I used to sell them, and save the money."

"How much money did you get?" asked Lucy.

"O, considerable. After a time, you see, I let my hen sit, and hatch some chickens."

"Sit!" said Lucy.

"Yes; you see, after hens have laid a good many eggs, they sit upon them, to keep them warm, for two or three weeks; and, while they keep them warm, a little chicken begins to grow in every egg, and at length, after they grow strong enough, they break through the eggs and come out. So I got eleven chickens from my hen, after a time."

"Eleven?" repeated Lucy; "were there just eleven?"

"There were twelve, but one died," replied Joanna. "And all these chickens were hatched in a stump."

"How did that happen?" asked Lucy.

"Why, the hens generally used to lay their eggs in the barn, and I used to go in, every day, to get the eggs. I carried a little basket, and I used to climb about upon the hay, and feel in the cribs; and I generally knew where all the nests were. But once I could not find my hen's nest for several days; and at last I thought I would watch her, and see where she went. I did watch her, and I saw her go into a hollow place, in a great black stump, in the corner of the yard. After she came out, I went and looked there, and I found four eggs."

"What did you do then?" said Lucy.

"Why, I concluded, on the whole, to let them stay, and let my hen hatch her eggs there, if she would. And I told my brother, that, if he would make a coop for me, around that stump, I would give him one of the chickens."

"A coop? What is a coop?"

"O, a small house for hens to live in. My brother made me a coop. He made it immediately after the hen had hatched her chickens. I will tell you how he made it. He drove stakes down all around the stump, and then put some short boards over the top, so as to cover it over. My hen staid there until her chickens got pretty well grown, and then we let her run about the yard."

"That is pretty much the way that Royal made his turtle-pen," said Lucy; "but I should rather have a hen-coop, because of the chickens."

"Yes, I had eleven. I gave my brother one, and then I had ten. These all grew up, and laid more eggs; and at last I got money enough from my eggs and poultry to buy me a new gown."

"I wish I was a farmer's daughter," said Lucy.

"Farmers' daughters have a very good time," said Joanna. "I think myself."

-*Lucy's Conversations.*

LE JARDIN DE MA TANTE.

Little children in France, love to repeat "Dans le jardin de ma tante," as well as American girls and boys do "This is the house that Jack built."

Il vient du jardin de ma tante—Oh, qu'il est beau le jardin de ma tante ! Dans le jardin de ma tante, il y a un arbre—Oh, qu'il est beau l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante ! Dans l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante, il y a un trou—Oh, qu'il est beau le trou, de l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante ! Dans le trou, de l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante, il y a un nid—Oh, qu'il est beau le nid, du trou, de l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante ! Dans le nid, du trou, de l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante, il y a un oiseau—Oh, qu'il est beau le oiseau, du nid, du trou, de l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante ! L'oiseau, du nid, du trou, de l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante, porte dans son bec un billet—où ces mots sont écrits—"Je vous aime"—Oh, qu'ils sont doux ces mots, "Je vous aime," qui sont écrits sur le billet porté dans le bec, de l'oiseau, du nid, du trou, de l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante !

EASTERN METHOD OF MEASURING TIME.—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then looking where his shadow terminates, he measures his length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil, says, "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the 7th chapter of Job we find it written, "As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow."

CONJUGAL AFFECTION—A woman from the neighborhood of Granville, went into an apothecary's shop the other day with two prescriptions, one for her husband, and the other for her cow. She inquired what was the price of them; and the apothecary replied, that it was so much for the man, and so much for the beast. The woman finding that she had not enough money, reflected for a moment, and said, "Give me, at all events, the medicine for the cow; I can send for my husband's to-morrow!"

the joy of music—to your heart, dear young reader! If so, I want to take you by the hand, and without any formality make you acquainted with my young friend, "Orphan Willie, the Wandering Minstrel;" for he is just such another as yourself, and I am sure you will like him.

I call him *orphan* Willie—for he has now grown up, and has become one. *How* he became an orphan, and how a wandering minstrel, and what he has been doing since his mother sung him to sleep in her arms, I shall relate in the succeeding chapters of this story. He has fair auburn hair, you observe, a clear blue eye, and though not a very strong boy, (for he has seen some suffering) is erect and well-proportioned. His voice has a singular sweetness, and his manner though gentle, is firm and self-possessed beyond his years.

You will know him, and like him better I hope, as you become more acquainted with his character and his history.

[*To be Continued.*]

Written for the Youth's Companion.

ORPHAN WILLIE,

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.—Chap. I.

"Will the child never cease crying," said Willie's despairing mother, as she leant pale and weary over the restless boy in her arms late on a winter's night! "Sing to him, Mary," said the old grandmother in the chimney corner, as she rocked drowsily to and fro in her rush-bottomed chair. "Sing to him,—music has a wonderful charm for young ears, sometimes: I've liked it myself, in my day; and many's the time you've fallen asleep with your mother's lullaby in your ear, when you were no bigger than he—sing to him, daughter."

"My heart is a heavy one for music," said Mary, sadly. "When my poor Edward died, and they laid him in his grave in the old church yard, all my joy, and all my music seemed to be buried with him—but I'll try. With a voice softened by sorrow, (the sorrow of early widowhood,) and sweetened by the inward yearnings of love, (that mysterious influence in music,) the young mother breathed out a simple nursery song, in those low, soothing tones, which only a mother's voice seems capable of producing. (Those nursery ballads! how their simple strains, so familiar in childhood, steal through the memory and over the heart in after years, like the whisperings of angels—telling us of home—of calm, sunny days—and stirring, perhaps the thought of a sainted mother or father, lost to us, but gained to heaven!)

Willie cried no more; a smile stole gradually over his face, and fixing his soft eye on his mother's lips, he listened earnestly to the sweet tones as they melted out, till slumber came in, and stole him softly away to the land of silence, and dreams.

I wonder if those bright eyes, that reflect now these words as they are glancing over them, have ever danced to the measures of sweet music? I wonder if those young ears, which God has so kindly opened on a world of sounds, have ever known the pure pleasures that lie in those sweet sounds, which He has created for their gratification? I wonder if the bird, the brook, the rustling leaves, the light evening winds, the soft tones of home-voices, have ever brought a joy—